Volume LX CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 14, 1907 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Well! Well! Well! You and I—be the rest what they choose—you and I do not think the world is going to the Bow-wows,—or any other home of darkness or doubt. In truth, we have seen some steps forward which we did prophesy, and we have seen some steps we did not dare to prophesy.

The Moral Forces are to rule the Intellectual and the Physical Forces, and the Moral Forces are God, the Father—and man, the Child.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

—From a congratulatory letter to Jenkin Lloyd Jones on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ministry in All Souls Church, Chicago.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1907 NUMBER 11

"SPARE ME MY DREAMS."

Relentless Time, that gives both harsh and kind,
Brave let me be
To take thy various gifts with equal mind,
And proud humility;
But, even by day, while the full sunlight streams,
Give me my dreams!

Whatever, Time, thou takest from my heart,
What from my life,
From what dear thing thou yet may'st make me part—
Plunge not too deep the knife;
As dies the day, and the long twilight gleams,
Spare me my dreams!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Prof. F. S. Converse, an American composer, has contributed the music, Professor Gardiner of Harvard College has arranged the text, and William Blake, the inspired artist-poet, has suggested the scenery, for a great oratorio of Job. Thus it is that four of the great artists are to conspire in giving true interpretation of this great drama of the Bible. The musician, the poet, the artist and the actor, have here a task that should inspire their full powers. If the public only appreciated the high functions of the drama this oratorio ought to have a great run.

M. Flammarion, the great French astronomer, is one of the last to bring serious charge against the automobile. They disturb him not on account of their speed or of their propensity to run over human beings, but on account of the dust cloud they raise, which stands between him and his stars; it obscures his vision; it besmirches his lenses and clogs the delicate machinery of the observatory. It may drive the astronomer far back into the woods and up into the mountains, for there must be some spot still left on the globe where the toot of the automobile is not heard. But the day is coming when the automobile, without perhaps radical change of its fundamental principle, will take its wings and fly high up into the air. Then the astronomers can study their flight as now they do the flight of birds.

"Undemocratic Christianity" is the title of an editorial in the *Literary Digest.* The title is sufficient to furnish to the readers of UNITY an editorial note which should be a suggestion of a thought of the passing comment concerning permanent things. "Undemocratic Christianity!" Is not this a contradiction in terms? If Christianity is to be interpreted at its highest, i. e., the spirit and message of the Nazarene, it cannot be undemocratic. And democracy when it comes full swing into its estate must by the same token be Christian as above interpreted. Whether the exclusion be that of creed, of custom or of luxury, it is unchristian. Too much cannot be said in condemnation of the exclusive clubs and select salvation circles that impose themselves upon the public and upon their members as churches of the Divine Fatherhood and exponents of the human brotherhood.

At last the wise ones are beginning to recognize the economic value of play, the serious use of fun. Of all the social problems, none is more difficult to solve than the problem of the play time and the play ground. We are glad to find in the *Kindergarten Magazine* for November a sketch from a whilom fellow citizen, Mari Ruef Hofer, who is now devoting her time to the development of the playgrounds in the city of New York. "Popular Folk Games and Dances" is her last publication, which indicates the trend of the times and her own contribution to this problem. George Eliot long ago said, "Important as it is to direct the industries of the world, it is not so important as to wisely direct the leisure of the world." Perhaps there is no truer, certainly no severer test of the civilization of man or of the community than the play test. Would you measure up a man, a woman, a church, a community, or a society, go watch them at their play.

The little group of Unitarian churches in Wales, the heretical "black spot" in that far off corner of the world, has lost more than a local celebrity in the death of Rev. William James, teacher, preacher, lecturer, editor. Though much of his work was done in that most "foreign" of tongues—the Welsh language—yet his services were national and international. For many years he was senior editor of the *Ymofynydd,* the monthly organ of Welsh Unitarians. The title translated means *The Inquirer.* The monthly message of this sage who spoke from the "Crow's Nest," will be missed from the UNITY sanctum and his genial fellowship will be sorely missed by the friends and coworkers who with him had kept unspotted the faith transmitted to them from the lives and works of those who "worshiped the God of their fathers after the manner men call heresy." Many friends on this side of the water will grieve to know that the cordial hand clasp and the genial greeting is no more.

"Van Mission" is a strange sounding term to American ears, for what we call a "wagon" our English

friends call a "van." A "missionary wagon" is an intelligible phrase to American ears, but an "Unitarian Missionary Wagon" sounds a little anomalous still. And still this is the latest attempt in England to propagate the religion of common sense and practical brotherhood. The story of its work with illustrations is told in the November number of the *Unitarian* by J. T. Sunderland. This last summer there have been four vans in the field. A van contains accommodations for two men, carries a small organ, a little library of liberal books and a large supply of tracts, pamphlets and home leaflets. It goes from town to town and as occasion offers the horse is unhitched, the steps are let down, the signs are hung out, the organ put into the service. There is the singing of hymns, an uplift of prayer and the expounding of the faith. The audiences frequently range from five hundred to a thousand people. It is estimated that over one hundred thousand persons were reached by this method at a less cost than a penny a person. Surely this method is not only permissible but commendable. It is an extension of the Salvation Army into the neglected fields of what is deceptively called the "upper classes."

We are sure our many readers will be glad to have us copy from the pages of the November *Unitarian* the words from the memorial tablet to John White Chadwick, recently placed in the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, which he served for forty years. The inscription was composed by his yoke-fellow, William C. Gannett. We append the dedicatory words of Mr. Dutton, Mr. Chadwick's successor in the pulpit:

"A Tireless Seeker for Truth;
A Revealer of the Best in Literature;
A Joyful Interpreter of the
Immanence of God in Nature and Soul;
A Prophet of the Faith of Evolution;
A Fearless Preacher of Freedom,
Fellowship, Character, Service,
As the Essentials of Religion;
A Poet of the Life that is, and is to be;
A Tender Friend in the Gladness
and Sorrow of Our Homes."

"We understand one another today if the sum of our words is. 'Our finest hope is finest memory'; or, if like the disciples of old, we say to one another, 'Was not our heart burning within us while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the word of God?' For forty years John Chadwick was your companion in 'the way' and interpreted for you the meaning of this God-filled life. Surely your hearts did burn within you, and surely now they are aglow with prophecy; for life means more because of him—that is the grand result—'The Life was the light of man.'

"In dedicating this tablet to the memory of John White Chadwick we are pledging ourselves to the ideals he forever held before us—ideals horizoned only by unseen reaches of themselves. The tablet is but the symbol of our inner dedication. We determine to render a service, which is perfect freedom, and in all that service to cherish with a sacred and passionate loyalty the religious freedom for which so many men have wrought and suffered; the freedom in which alone what is good and true can become a self-imposed duty, the freedom by which God alone brings us to new peaks of vision and new roads of service.

"We dedicate ourselves to the love of freedom as a condition of true faith, the love of God as the real substance of faith and the love of man as its expression in human life."

A neighbor of the Abraham Lincoln Centre entered a telephonic protest against what he called "an indignity to Old Glory" offered during Jubilee week, because it was allowed to fly all night over the building and its stars and its stripes were left among the stars and the clouds. This neighbor protests that due courtesy to "Old Glory" requires that it be lowered at sundown and raised at sunrise. The Head Resident of Lincoln Centre was not ignorant of the fact that this was the rule of the military camp but he supposed the custom was based on economic rather than liturgical grounds. Certainly there are other conditions than those which inspired the popular song when some would be glad to see the flag "by the dawn's early light" and to know that "through the night the flag was still there." But at best the question of night banners is a matter of etiquette; it is conventional patriotism. The real disgraces of the flag come when it is allowed to float over iniquitous practices, corrupt legislators and venial councilmen; when the flag is called upon to float over defiant aldermen, such as last week persisted in passing the telephone ordinance in Chicago in the face of a popular demand, in the face of scientific demonstration that pointed to a better way, in the face of all considerations except the inexorable stolid persistency of the forty-two who voted "aye" in the face of the twenty-two who voted "nay" five, ten, twenty times, with the majority turning a deaf ear to all argument and expostulation, all appeals to reason, prudence or decent hesitation. They gave into the hands of the Bell Telephone Company another twenty years' lease upon the streets of Chicago, although the present lease does not expire for a year and a half yet. They closed the question of all improvements; they gave the company the right to the undiscovered triumphs of inventive genius; they gave the right to the Bell Telephone Company not only to monopolize the privileges of Chicago but to refuse to the citizens of Chicago telephonic communication with the rest of the world, except such as come within the zone of the many-armed—a veritable octopus—the Bell system. It may not be graft; it may not be boodle, but it certainly is insolent and dogmatic defiance to public sentiment; it is an arrogant and hasty closing of the question which might well be kept open until the matter was sifted to the bottom, and if the privilege is to be granted to a private corporation it should be given to the company offering to the public the largest benefit. The common council last week positively refused to listen to a lower bid. Why did they do it? Why this defiance to the protest of intelligent men in

all the ranks of society? The protest came from the man with a shovel to the man with a million, but to no avail. Mayor Busse lost the chance of a life time to save the administration already tainted with partisanship from what will be a long-remembered reproach for defying public sentiment and insulting the canons of good business, wise administration and public trust. Why did he sign it? Why this persistency of the forty-two? What did they do it for? Who will answer these questions?

Twenty-Five Years of Church Work in Chicago

Last week the Senior Editor of UNITY was the victim of an anniversary, and the story of All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago is so interwoven with the story of UNITY, the constituency of the two so overlap, that it is impossible to keep them apart either in history, present constituency or future prospects, so he will not try to carry the thin disguise of the plural "we," but instead will use the personal pronoun, singular number, and say "I" while he thanks the many friends, near and far, who in person and by letter have sent their greetings and the fellowship that rejoices in the little accomplished and the much to be done.

In all there were eleven formal occasions during the eight days, beginning and ending with Sunday. The attendance at all these occasions was good and sometimes large, for Abraham Lincoln Centre, the attendance in the auditorium, with one exception, filling the main floor and oftentimes overflowing into the galleries.

All Souls Church approached this celebration deliberately. The women at least have had it in mind for a year, with the result of which I will speak later. During the month of October three "Pulpit preludes to the twenty-fifth anniversary" were given on successive Sunday mornings in which the preacher tried to discover at least three permanent elements of power in the church functions of helpfulness, which cannot be dispensed with by the civilized man, the importance of which will grow with the growth of the soul and the progress of the community. And these functions were emphasized with personal illustrations, viz., the Pulpit, as the platform of the preacher; the Prophet, illustrated by the story of Savonarola; the Altar, the Place of Worship, a prayer help to the soul, with illustrations from the story of A'Kempis and his immortal little book; third, the Pastorate, the Folding Place of souls, the shepherding of hearts, human co-operations on the higher levels, as illustrated by the life and work of John Wesley.

The opening sermon in the series of Armory Meetings, given by the Pastor on November third on "The Book of Memory," was printed in our last week's issue. The utterances of the Monday night meeting will largely be published in this week's issue, but the glowing personality, the charm of utterance, and the sympathetic audience cannot be reported. Graham Taylor, who presided, spoke as one having authority, on the Social Side of Religious Problems. No man in Chicago, perhaps no man in the country, has studied these problems at such short range but broad scope and long measuring lines as has the Head of the Chicago Commons, and now, most significant fact, Dean of the Chicago Theological School, the western ministerial training school of the Congregationalists. Thomas C. Hall left his place as Professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York to come to the side of his old neighbor. For seven or eight years he was my neighbor in the Forty-first Street Presbyterian Church, after which he served a time in the larger Fourth Church on the North Side, from whence he was called to the training of ministers in New York. Now he has the intensity of his Irish blood, the religious devotion of his father, John Hall, the great Presbyterian minister of New York City for so many years, and shares the sociological aggressiveness and sympathies of his brother, Bolton Hall, the apostle of single tax and of "Three Acres and Liberty." Mr. Crothers brought to us the serenity that belongs to one who can modify the impatience of the reformer with a sense of humor and the consequent wiser estimate of values, the power of seeing things in proportions. Mr. Crothers' rare power of "talking like a book" without losing the freedom and familiarity of talk, just plain, common talk, never appeared in a more gracious and helpful form.

On Tuesday, Women's Day, Emerson Hall was packed. The morning session was given over to the reminiscences of the veteran, Madame Bangs, and an analysis of the work done in the Tuesday Class in Religion during the eight years of its life, by Dr. Alice D. Williams and Mrs. F. G. Stubbs, who presided. All the women stayed and others came to the noon-day luncheon, and at two o'clock the crowd necessitated an adjournment to the auditorium to listen to Miss L. E. Stearns of Milwaukee, a member of the Wisconsin Library Commission, give her admirable address on "Regulate Your Hurry." This paper is an adequate refutation of the charge sometimes encountered—that woman lacks in a sense of humor. This paper puts Miss Stearns into the Mark Twain and Dooley class, where wit is appreciated wisdom and humor an instrument of the moralist.

On Thursday afternoon at the Garrick Theater the Donald Robertson Dramatic Company gave a complimentary rendition of Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," in the interest of the All Souls celebrants, and the friends of Abraham Lincoln Centre were much in evidence in the well-filled seats. This is not the place for dramatic criticism, but never before were the words of Browning interpreted on a Chicago stage with so much scrupulous devotion and effective skill and so much intelligent appreciation in the seats. The divine pathos and tenderness of this gospelful drama of Browning was felt too deep for noisy demonstrations. It is a pity that the time has not come when such ren-

ditions will receive the patronage necessary to the development and exploitation of the same. Every town of ten thousand and over in the west should hear this Company in this drama. It is needed, but as yet it is not wanted by the people.

The Thursday night meeting was in charge of Frederick Greeley, a veritable "chip of the old block"; and who of the older readers of UNITY acquainted with the traditions of liberal thought in Chicago, does not remember the place "Sam Greeley" occupied in the forces directed by Robert Collyer and his associates. This was the night given to Civic Piety. Because it was all "home talent," the attendance touched its low water mark, but still as things go in Chicago on week-day nights, the attendance was encouraging. The audience was black with masculine coats and represented wide territory, theologically and sociologically as well as geographically. The first speaker, Dr. Henry Baird Favill, spoke not only for himself but for that saving clause in local politics, the Municipal Voters' League, of which he is the stalwart President. The Rev. William O. Waters, Rector of Grace Church, spoke as Rector of the one church left in Chicago which can fairly claim to be a down-town church, drawing its constituency from the three sides of the city, a church that is determined to stay down town and is trying with marked success to readjust its program to meet the changed conditions. The closing speaker was Judge Julian W. Mack, the Chancellor of the juvenile bench in America, a jurist whose knowledge of law makes more decisive his power as a preacher of righteousness. He is a Jew in whom Judaism has become cosmopolitan; his nationality has blossomed into cosmopolitanism.

Friday night was Women's Night and of course brought out the largest audience of the week. All parts of the auditorium were occupied, which means that over eight hundred people were present. This is as it ought to be, for Jane Addams presided and Mrs. Mary Simkovitch of Greenwich House, New York, and Mary McDowell of the University Settlement of Chicago, spoke, and they spoke of religion as it finds expression in this new instrument of human helpfulness.

Banquets are not reportable things and generally the impressions made by such are passing ones. But the Saturday night banquet was something more than a passing feast and a flow of good fellowship, though it was all that. There the two hundred and fifty or more guests sat and heard Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist and Episcopalian ministers, worthy representatives of Judaism and what for the want of a better name goes under the title of "New Thought," joining with Unitarians, Universalists and Independents in rejoicing over the Abraham Lincoln Centre as a small contribution to interdenominational and extra denominational fellowships and pieties, to a seven-day application in religion. And this spoken fellowship, to utter which many of the neighboring ministers had pulled themselves out of their Saturday night tasks, was reinforced by the written words which the Toastmaster held in his hand but could read but little of on account of the bulk and the too personal character of the correspondence. Letters came from South Carolina to California; from Boston to Los Angeles. The banquet came to a fitting climax when Mr. Gannett interpreted the occasion and the twenty-five years back of it as another plea for the power of the church and its lasting place as a conscious effort of men to become co-workers with God, of the finite to establish better relations with the Infinite.

Sunday morning Mr. Gannett preached. It was the parable of the sower as interpreted by the edelweiss the mountain flower of purity, strength and tenderness, and Millet's "Sower," who went forth to sow the seeds of the edelweiss—noble white—flowers.

It was fitting that the celebration that began by opening the Book of Memory should close by opening the Book of Prophecy, and on Sunday afternoon again the auditorium was well filled while the children of the Sunday School rendered Longfellow's beautiful little drama of "Judas Maccabeas," an interpretation of the heroic age of Judaism. It was an ambitious thing for children to attempt, but they rendered it with such simplicity and earnestness that it left its sermon lesson. An intelligent actor in the audience described the rendering and the setting as representing the Elizabethan power of the drama in its simplicity and directness.

This ended the anniversary program, which, arrayed not from the written advertisement for internal effect, but from the outside by the respective chairmen, and with the hope of making one more dent on public opinion and civic life, but it was more than a program—the delight of showing Crothers and Gannett the side of Chicago which tourists and even residents so persistently miss—the small parks, the beautiful field houses therein, the juvenile court, the Hull House and the new "Browne Book Store." The singing of "A Thousand Years," "The Crowning Day," and Ellen Leonard's "Not a life so mean or lowly," and similar songs of the people by Miss Jennie Johnson, the little Sunday lunches after the sermons, on the fourth floor, where those who "came a good way" sat down with the residents, the neighboring workers and the Parson's family to break bread together. Among these guests on the last Sunday was a group of boys with Mr. and Mrs. Riddle from the Hull House Boys' Club and friends from Oak Park, Hinsdale and other outlying territories, who came to greet the preacher as well as to receive a message.

Why should I take all this space in UNITY to tell about this anniversary? Perhaps for the sake of saying this: that for a dozen years or more at least I had something like an abiding conviction that the Abraham Lincoln Centre in brick and mortar would be realized and that when the building was built it would work, but never in my life time did I expect to find the scope of fellowship, the frank recognition

of brotherhood made tangible and actual as it was in the Saturday night banquet. And the joy of it all was increased by the fact that the brotherhood was expressed at short range; it was the adjoining ministers, the professors in the near University, the teachers, physicians and lawyers who know the Lincoln Centre best who were the most frank in their rejoicings. It was the Pastor of the Congregational Church, only two blocks away, who gave notice that the neighborhood was going to take possession of Abraham Lincoln Centre and to use it; it was the Rector of the Episcopal Church, not much farther away, who said, We all feel very much at home here, and the men in whose business sagacity Chicago has learned to trust rejoiced in the "investment."

But I am not sure that anniversaries of this kind are very profitable; certainly they are hard to bear; perhaps from force of habit, it is easier to stand up against stones thrown at one, if they are not very big, than to keep from being smothered by bouquets. The small accomplishment of the twenty-five years had better not be studied unless it suggests the bigger tasks to come. The hospitality of the women of the Lincoln Centre as displayed on these occasions was conspicuous, but their measure of strength lies deeper and farther back. To the erection of the Abraham Lincoln Centre the women contributed and raised in straight cash, on their own account, ten thousand dollars. A year ago, looking forward towards this anniversary, they entered upon the task of duplicating the sum as their part of the one hundred thousand dollar Endowment Fund of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and by the banquet night the sum of $8,445 was assured, and the remaining $1,565 is certainly forthcoming. The women who raised this twenty thousand dollars within the last twelve years, outside of their current needs and current expenses, are not, with few exceptions, wealthy women. It has not come in big blocks of money; it has come through the diligence and patient gleanings of several hundred women, and what the women have done their fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers are going to do.

This anniversary, reaching through the eight days, offered material which the local historian may take interest in, but unless it is to be a disappointment and a delusion it offers material in which the reformer, the helper, the worker, the seed sower, whose face is towards the future, will find much help.

To the many friends who have given words of comradeship and fellowship, spoken and written, may I use this method to hint at the thanks I may not speak and to rejoice in the fellowship I may not express. We have come a small way together; the road still leads on. I cannot, and at this moment I would not, separate UNITY from the Abraham Lincoln Centre. My readers to whom I have come for nearly thirty years, once a week, with my heart upon my sleeve, from my parishioners to whom as often I have come to the pulpit of All Souls Church—Bless you all! I thank you all! JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The Social Functions of Religion

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE FIRST OF THE PLATFORM MEETINGS AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 4, 8 P. M., CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASTORATE OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES. STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MARY M. LEPPO.

GRAHAM TAYLOR, CHAIRMAN.—Organized industry, urban conditions, democracy and a world consciousness dominate our age, and make it to differ from every preceding era.

Industry is organized as never before. Machinery and the sub-division of labor draw and hold rapidly increasing multitudes of people together at industrial centers. They make class dependent upon class, man upon man, nation upon nation. Individual independence is being surely and swiftly superseded by interdependence in industry. One man, industrially, is no man in ever widening areas. Every man depends upon his fellows, with whom he has any community of interests, for his freedom of contract, for his standard of living, for his right and opportunity to work. He can less and less maintain these intensely personal interests by his own unaided effort. So his rights and wrongs, in the workaday world, have come to be more social than individual. He is less exclusively responsible for his own condition, status and destiny, in this world than men used to be, especially in America. Others determine these things for him in larger part, if not yet in largest part. Hence, an individual's moral and religious relations are not so exclusively between himself and good or evil, not even so exclusively between himself and the one God. They relate him with others and others with him. Morality and religion, however, intensely personal they still are, and always will be, are all the while becoming more and more social in their nature and a collective product. Religion needs terms of actual industrial relationship in which to express its ideals and spirit in this industrial age.

While the tendencies in this direction are more due to the organization of industry than to anything else, they are vastly increased by the conditions of city and town life, which more and more prevail. It is harder to be alone, to even think of oneself as apart from one's fellows. Anything that reaches anyone of us, or with which we reach others, must include more and more of our fellows. It must affect our associates, our fellow craftsmen, our community, or it fails to affect us. Our very psychology is, in part, that of the crowd. We move and are moved in groups, and in masses, far more than we are singly.

As in industry, we either bargain collectively, and have our wages and profits fixed for us, or at least much affected by those who do; so in towns and cities, our houses and habits, our education and spheres of activity, our health and diseases, our virtues and vices, our pain and pleasures, are largely determined by civic conditions. We are, therefore, forced to help control them in our own and the common interests, or be controlled by others through them, for the worse. So the kind of citizenship we help constitute determines the very atmosphere we breathe, the very sphere in which we live and move and have our being. This is more the fact not only in urban, but in rural life. For country life is less isolated and is lived more and more under urban conditions by every telephone exchange, by every rural mail delivery, by every trolley line, by every mail order purchase, by every co-operative creamery, by every union of school districts. So

again, the type of our morality and immorality, of our religion or irreligion becomes more social.

Democracy as it extends politically, socially, industrially and religiously, makes every one more of a factor in the life of another, and every other more of a force in the life of the one. In morals and religion, we have fewer in authority to bow to or take our bearings from. We have to share ourselves, the responsibility of establishing and maintaining the authority of laws and customs, of local government, and national control, of public opinion and popular sentiment, of standards of conduct and faith. We have no paternal state, no authoritative church, no beneficent despotism, in politics, or religion, to relieve us of the democratic obligation to think and decide for ourselves. So we must abide by the decisions we make, or change them.

A few of us may be used to this. But to most of us it is very new, very untried, very trying, very exacting in the process and very uncertain in the outcome. And yet it is and must be what our education and religion, our school and church should teach us to do. Religion must find civic expressions and results in an urban age.

But we are adrift upon a still wider sea. For by vast immigrations, by rapid changes in population, by the constant and instantaneous inter-communication of ideas and ideals, views and values, the barriers of local, national and racial distinction are breaking down, citizenship is becoming international, capital has ex-patriated itself and owns no flag, commerce floats its bottoms under any flag that pays best, labor is migratory and cosmopolitan in its allegiance, the world is becoming smaller, so as to be the sphere of each human being, and mankind is living in one great sphere of thought, feeling and action. So the world can no longer be considered as a sphere of human life, separate from or antagonistic to the church. Too much religion has gotten out of the church into the world to allow us to think of all the good being in the church, and of the world as being nothing but evil. Religion is taking on secular, in distinction from exclusively ecclesiastical, forms of expression. There is coming to be a world-church, having a religious consciousness to which nothing that is common to man is foreign, and in a sacrificial service for all the world. We have builded better than we know. Our philanthropies and reforms have sanctified the secular, have manifolded our ministeries. The religious valuation of the single soul, sanctity of the one life, worth of the person above things, is forcing brotherhood upon business, and making it the corollary to the proposition of the fatherhood of God. The doctrine of the kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace and joy," is being translated into politics, civics, law and diplomacy. A world church only can redeem the world.

But this tremendous transition of religious thought, feeling, ideal and activity, is also a travail of the spirit. For it involves the confusing extension of individual ethics to social morality; the transition from being sure for oneself that one squares to what one knows to be right, to being obliged to reckon with what others think and do, and require us to do with or for them. From the shelter of some little fold, secluded and sequestered by clear boundaries of creed, polity and fellowship, the churches and their memberships are fairly being driven forth into the open to take their bearings anew in the one big world. Religious life and church policy are not and cannot be so definite and explicit as they once were. The lines of conflict and contact with the world waver and cross each other. The situation for the individual Christian and the local church, becomes more complex and perplexing. It is not so plain and easy to know just what to do as man and minister, as believer and church member, as it used to be in the simpler and more isolated conditions of life. Divisive questions of duty, opportunity, responsibility, expediency and policy arise on every hand—in the individual conscience, in the local church, in denominational councils, in inter-denominational relations, in the spheres of community life and political action. And they will not down. Christianity has created these problems. It can and will solve them.

These are some of the problems for which this man Jenkin Lloyd Jones has stood in Chicago: He has stood for industrial justice. Tell me of one great struggle on this line in which this voice has not rung in clarion tones, calling for an even-handed justice between fellow man and fellow man, undaunted by whatever pressure might have been brought to bear upon him. He is a man who has stood in the middle of the road, refused to be classified, and putting a great brotherly hand upon each of the conflicting classes of American society he has pointed upward with his heart and said, By the fatherhood of God you two sets of men are brothers.

He has stood for civic piety. No man has scorched and blistered the rottenness of municipal politics more mercilessly than has this tender-hearted man. But citizenship has been a faith to him. This city in all its wretchedness, in all its shame, has been the city of God and of his fellow men, and at no turn of the crisis, downward or upward, in no single campaign through which it has passed has his voice been silent. No, like a man he has spoken his message. Sometimes it has seemed to some of us a little less right and then again altogether right. What he thought he said, with a fearlessness, with a justice and with a far-sighted and never to be questioned patriotism that has put this brave city of over two million souls everlastingly in his debt.

And he has stood for democracy. When have you known him to line up on one side? When has he not been in the center of the crowd? Tell me, has he ever been partial in his message; has he not thought for all of us—not only all of us that now are but all of us that are coming to be? And with the vision of the seer he has looked beyond this present, beyond the turmoil of the crowd to the posterity that he saw trooping down the ages, as he tried to make this a city for our children and for our children's children.

All the while, like every other man who works his local field well, who does the next thing as it ought to be done, he has been sustained and nourished and backed and made indomitable by a world faith. He has translated literature into the life of the people and made them share their own in the wealth of the ages, the republic of letters.

And he has always preached religion for politics, religion for democracy, religion for industry. And when other men may have dwelled upon the exclusively unreligious, not to say irreligious, aspects of these mighty forces which are shaping our destiny, this man with trumpet tones has called us back to the function of religion, the function of idealizing all life, the function of dynamizing every soul and the great heart of the community.

These have been some of the services of the pastor, "sure enough," of "All Souls Church." I count it a great privilege to stand here this evening after the fifteen years of brotherhood we two men have had to-

gether to introduce this first meeting in a week's commemoration of this quarter-centennial ministry. Very fittingly, Miss Jane Addams is to preside at the closing meeting for the consideration of the church and the settlement, accompanied in the discussion of that theme by the leading spirits of the settlement world in Chicago and New York. Very fittingly, one of our foremost citizens, Frederick Greeley, is to preside on Thursday evening over a meeting that has for its theme Civic Piety, and tonight, just as fittingly, we open this series of commemorations by the consideration of the Social Functions of Religion, for the discussion of which I have tried to prepare the way by showing the tendencies of the times. It is my great pleasure to present as those who will follow me in the discussion of this theme, Prof. Thomas C. Hall of Union Theological Seminary of New York, who is yet claimed by Chicago, which will never let him go. His great heart and clear head have always carried here amid the confusions and perplexities of our tremendous transitions, and we could not think of having this commemoration without his voice and the things that will be said by his heart-throbs. Following him there comes a man who has almost re-introduced the essay to American literature, a man who for these past years has been one of the leading thinkers and preachers in New England, Mr. Crothers.

I have great pleasure in presenting Professor Hall.

PROF. THOMAS C. HALL, UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.—I am only for a very short time in your midst. My friends have crowded my hours, pleasant reunions, quite apart from any arrangements that I have made myself. It must be my apology if I, too, have to run away in order to show my interest in one of the causes with which I was identified in the ministry in this city. But no engagement made for me by others could prevent me from being with you tonight and from extending my word of congratulation to him who celebrates his centenary of service, for twenty-five years work in Chicago is equal to about one hundred years anywhere else.

I said work: work that has been faithful; work that has had heart in it; work that has had life in it. Sometimes when I used to meet him whom we honor tonight we would say to one another: It is a shame we do not see more of one another. I am sure I have said that at least four times a year. But we were both so busy that the luxury of fellowship was scarcely possible to either of us. And yet we both felt that we had common ambitions and common hopes demanding our activities and our lives.

I have been very much interested in the examination of certain lines of truth that have compelled me, as it were, to review some of the statements given in our churches and our books. One hears, for instance, of the Pauline theology, the theology of Jesus Christ, the theology of James. When I come to examine Paul and Christ and James I discover to my amazement that in point of fact they did not have anything very new in theology, that was not the difficulty; there was no objection on the part of spiritual Jews to the theology of either Paul or Jesus. If there had been objections they would have been brought forward at the time of the trials of those two brothers, and they never were. In point of fact, when I examine the documents and search for the meager theology of either man I find it was the ordinary theology of their day and generation. Jesus Christ never would have been crucified for his theology; Paul never would have had to appear before the Roman emperor on the basis of departure from the theology of his day. The quarrel with those men was that their religion was social, it was vital righteousness. The difficulty with these men was the difficulty with the religion in all the churches—it crossed men's selfish interests. One of the difficulties with every religious revival has been that it has been shunted off the track. Every religious revival has started with ethical and spiritual and religious impulses; they culminated in great ethical effort, great moral revulsions. These moral revulsions have been, as it were, turned to wrong account. The moral forces of the community have often been split and hopelessly crippled by the divisions upon questions of theology or the philosophy of religion—sometimes important, but their importance is intellectual and not primarily ethical.

What we need is not a new theology. I come from an institution that does not stand primarily for new theology; I think I speak the thoughts not only of my own heart but of most of the men with whom we are working when I say that we have very little use for either new or old theology, if it is put in the place, as it generally is, of experimental personal righteousness. I come here rejoicing to feel that at last men of good will are finding out slowly the difficulty,—we can disagree on a great many interesting questions, we can afford to disagree on a great many even important intellectual issues, but that men of good will cannot and dare not disagree upon the great fundamental vital issues that are linked with the destiny of the race, as men and brethren in the great coming kingdom of God our Father.

So that the function of the church and the function of religion seems to be perfectly definite, perfectly clear cut. The church has its particular work in the social regeneration, and I am hoping that after we have made a great many blunders, after perhaps we have said a great many foolish things, the great unused dynamic of the men of good will in our churches will at last be harnessed to the real cause, the chariot of vital personal and social righteousness.

But tonight for the few moments that I permit myself to speak to you I should like to pour out my heart in a question, that your pastor may give me help upon rather than perhaps to dictate to you the answer.

As it looks to me in the great social revolution that is coming, very certainly and surely, the men of good will are going to have their hearts tried, and in that great social revolution it will be of the mightiest importance that men of good will be united upon the great and fundamental things. Now one of the desperate dangers that confronted the early Christian movement was the way in which the church was being shunted off into all sorts of interesting bypaths. At first the church saw the dangers. Gnosticism, docetism and all the various things that we now mark as heresies, most of which were dangers to the church but not the kind of dangers the church thought. The real danger of gnosticism was not that men would believe wrongly about things; the real danger was that men should think so much about it that they would forget the real things for which Christianity was sent into the world. Let no one think that gnosticism was a foolish speculation; it was not a foolish thing; it sought something that all of us must more or less attempt to get—a world view, something that will satisfy the intelligence and the culture, of the thoughtful mind. That is a very laudable thing. I do not think any of us wanders around even in the murky atmosphere of Chicago without wanting to get a clearer world view of things. But if you are going to wait for your religious activity until

you have a clear world view you will never get to the religious activity.

That was the real danger to gnosticism; it sent men out seeking a comprehensive world view long before such a thing was possible.

And now we are on the eve of a great social revolution; a great religious democracy is speaking its voice in the ears of men in every land. In Germany, France, Italy, Finland, Russia, Japan, in this country, the great and growing democracy is seeking expression, seeking a larger life, a more beautiful and glorious part. And all who are men and women of good will hope and pray that we may be satisfied. If there is any one obligation that God has laid upon us it is this: that we stand together and see to it that that great social revolution is neither turmoil nor violence; that it is not sowing the bitter seeds of hate and that it does not end in the lusts and corruptions of violence and blood.

And now, how shall we do this? That is the question I am going to ask. How shall we do this? I do not think your pastor and I would disagree fundamentally, however we might in details, concerning the obligation of the great mass of men and women of good will gathered together in our churches and synagogues who ought to be standing together for vital righteousness. One of the first dangers that confronts us is that the strength of our churches be wasted in the details of the movement. Personally, I have my social views. I speak out in meeting with a freedom and frankness that is perhaps born of my Irish blood; but my personal opinions as to the exact economic measures that we should engage in, however important they are to me or not my primary interest,—I recognize the fact that there may be here men of as good will as myself, whose social hope is bound up with a distinct political measure—maybe free trade. I should like to see free trade, but we might have it in this country and not have the kingdom. I should like to see personally single tax, but I do not think single tax would bring the kingdom; it might be a good approach. Personally I am socialistic; I should like to see socialism, but might we get that I do not believe we would necessarily have the kingdom. I do not think we will have the kingdom without it, but that is only my personal opinion.

Shall I convert these men of good will to any one political measure before we can work together for the great spiritual democracy in which God is to be incarnate so that no man will say to his brother, Show me Jehovah, for every man will see Jehovah from the greatest unto the least, as Jehovah becomes incarnate in the glorious life of redeemed men?

And so it seems to me that the church has a social function and has her place in this coming revolution clearly marked out. Just as the early Christian centuries feared gnosticism we instinctively shrink from identifying the religious organizations with any single economic measure that is to accomplish. We will demand liberty of speech. Is the single taxer hampered in his activities? Let us stand for him and demand that he shall be heard. Is the socialist condemned and outraged? Let us stand for him and demand that he shall be heard. Does the philosophical anarchist lift up his voice? We may disagree with him, but let us demand that he shall be heard, for we are seeking truth; we are seeking economic measures by which the kingdom is to be established. But let us not stake, as it were, that which is our eternal truth upon any one measure, which might not prove all that might be hoped for it, though it may prove to be a step.

The church has a perfectly definite function. I leave it to you to map out the details for yourselves or to disagree with me if you like. I ask you to consider what actually is the function of a group of men and women of good will, gathered together for the spiritual nurture of their lives.

O, my friends, the curse of nine-tenths of our churches, I care not whether they call themselves liberal or conservative, is that they degenerate into little selfish social clubs bent upon saving their own little aesthetic souls, bent upon seeing to it that they are cultured into the refinements of their own selfish enjoyments. We are here together to set the world on fire, on fire for righteousness. We are sent here to be firebrands among men until they are stirred to realize the iniquities of the human heart, until they are stirred to realize that salvation lies within our reach, if only we hear the angels' song that heralds the peace on earth to men and women of good will, who will band themselves together in brotherly love for the establishment on earth of the kingdom of our God. Righteousness and its atmosphere and love and its duration will be the eternities of our God.

I thank you for this opportunity of sharing in your jubilation over this long record of activities. May God bless you and him. May he save you in the midst of the temptations that confront us all, and may he who marks the sparrow in its fall and who cares for us with such infinite tenderness, use each one of us to the establishment of his purpose and the revelation of his redeeming will. I thank you.

Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Cambridge, Mass.—When I was asked to come on to Chicago to speak on this occasion,—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ministry of Jenkin Lloyd Jones,—I did not wait for a second invitation; I came at once. There is hardly any other occasion, that would take me on short notice a thousand miles from home.

You here in Chicago have Mr. Jones with you; you know his work and you love him. But I sometimes think that those who stand further away from any man are more able to see his real significance and his real greatness. And there are many of us who think that the history of religion in this country, cannot be written without giving a very large place for that experiment in religious life and the religious organization for which Jenkin Lloyd Jones stands,—for an unconventional, a democratic, a modern organization of the religious life.

I am glad to come, not simply because I believe in him and in his work, but for old acquaintance sake. I used to work with him here in the west, and those who worked with him in those days often had occasion to disagree with him. Some of us found out that he was right sooner and sometimes some of us took a longer time to find out he was right. I for one feel that he has been right in the main, and that on the long lines and in the trend of his work he has been a true religious pioneer and leader.

I think often of a remark that an old friend, up in Arcadia, Wisconsin, used to make. He had been originally a Methodist minister, and used to tell how he struggled much, as he expressed it—"how he wrestled with the conference" in getting ordained. They asked him a question and he gave a somewhat heretical answer. The conference refused to ordain him. It was in the days of old Peter Cartwright. "After they had wrestled with me all afternoon and I had wrestled with them over this question, and I wouldn't give in, at last Peter Cartwright settled the question and said,—'I

guess we will have to ordain that young man after all; I guess he has got an idee.'"

Now those of his brethren who did not know just what the idea of Mr. Jones was some twenty-five years ago, have had time to think about that idea, and now as they see it in this institution they are glad that that idea has had free course in this man. The idea of Mr. Jones, I take it, in striking out from the beaten path and in making an experiment in religion, came as all ideals come, out of a certain dissatisfaction with what already existed. The church organization, the conventional church, did not satisfy him, as it does not satisfy many of us; it seemed too easy in some ways and too hard in other ways, not adequate to the new need of the new time, and, above all, not making demands enough upon the moral nature.

As I was coming on from Boston today I was reading an illustrated London newspaper. One of the articles was a description of the hunting box of his highness, the Maharajah of Nawangar, who is doubtless a very great person over in India, and a true sportsman in his own opinion. The Maharajah has the idea that it is his duty to clear out a big jungle over there. So he has had made for himself a very beautiful hunting lodge. This house is made of very elegant wood, it is portable, can be carried to the end of the railway, then carried on elephants and put together in the middle of the jungle. It is painted a dull green, elegantly furnished with beautiful divans and a table on which his highness plays bridge. His idea is to have this lodge put into the middle of the jungle where there are tigers; by and by the tigers will get used to seeing it and will come near enough to look in and then his highness will shoot them from the port holes in his lodge.

Now as I look at it, it seems an excellent idea if the purpose is to satisfy his love of sport and his to show his good will towards the people without sacrificing any of his personal luxury. But I could not help thinking as I read it how different it is from the way Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone would go about the job of clearing the jungle of wild animals. They would go where the tigers are if they really meant business.

I could not help thinking of the conventional, fashionable church in its relation to the great vices, the great sins, the great miseries of human society. I could not help thinking how absurd it must seem to somebody looking down upon such a scene; how strange that when we go out to fight the real evils of humanity we should be thinking of our own comfort and luxury, or of our own souls. There are churches that have much the same relation to great public evils that the hunting box of the Maharajah of Newangar has to a man eating tiger.

That is not the way people in earnest act; that is not the way Jenkin Lloyd Jones goes at sin. I never have heard of him going at anything in that way,—even at my own mistakes when I was a member of the same committee. He always went at things directly and he always went at things as if he expected to get some results. I take it that through all these twenty-five years he has been attacking the sins of Chicago and of the country, and the sinners inside the church and out of it, in the same way.

I want to follow in the line of the speakers who have spoken this evening and ask the question: What is the real cause of that great change in religious emphasis and organization, particularly in regard to the social life of our times, which has marked these twenty-five years, in which movement this minister has been one of the pioneers. Why are we dissatisfied with so much that satisfied our fathers? Why are we so little satisfied with much of the conventional goodness which we have been accustomed to praise? I think we are passing through a great crisis, both in morals and religion, and I think also that instead of this being a disheartening thing it is a very exhilarating thing, to have a part in this critical time; because when we try to ask ourselves what produces this crisis, we shall find it is the kind of crisis which the newspapers speaking about in regard to financial matters at the present time, —a crisis that has its cause in prosperity. There comes a time in the business of many a man when he faces this kind of a crisis. The man has been doing business in a very small way and making ends meet. There comes growth in population, with that growth in population rivals in the same business and the man comes to see that he has before him this choice,—either to give up business altogether or get more capital and do the business in a larger way.

That is the kind of crisis that I think has come to the moral world of our generation. About twenty years ago Herbert Spencer wrote of what he called a "moral interregnum" that was threatened,—by which he meant the danger of a time coming when people would not be able to give a reason for the moral life that would satisfy them, so he hurried on his own publications in order to give that reason.

I do not think that kind of an interregnum amounts to much. Most people do not have very good reasons for what they are doing. That which troubles us today is not that at all; it is a practical question with us rather than one of theory. The stoics, those great teachers of morality, have divided everything into two classes,—those things which were strictly moral and those which were indifferent. A moral question is one which concerns our will; there are certain things which we can do if we will, and for these we are held responsible. These are moral questions. But there are other things,—things which happen to us which are not of our will at all; they come by laws of nature; they come from conditions which we cannot create or cannot change. And so those old Roman teachers of morality taught very wisely that towards the things which are within our will we must hold ourselves strictly responsible. To do or not to do these things must be questions with which we are intimately and always concerned. Not to do the thing that we can do, —that is sin; that is dishonor. But then there are other things which come to us that may be very unpleasant, very harmful, but we cannot help it; these things we must simply endure. The earthquake, the great famine,—things which happen by laws of nature beyond human control—these were things indifferent.

Christian ethics take the same view. There are some things that a man must do because it belongs to his work; here he must exercise care, prudence, judgment, thought,—and not to do these things is sin. There are other things which are outside our will, and here just as the stoics taught resignation the Christian taught resignation mingled with faith and love. These are God's works and laws. What has happened even in our generation that changes the category into which many of these things are placed? The great disturbing factor is the increase in knowledge. According to the old ethics almost everything that happened to a man really came from some power beyond his own will or beyond his own effort. Here was the pestilence walking in the darkness; nobody knew whence it came, nobody knew how; they could not do anything about

it; we must endure it; we must endure it with pious resignation. Here was poverty; "the poor ye have always with you;" ignorance and misery must be the lot of the vast number of people. That which happened in the past was not that good people were unconscious of these things; it was simply that they were helpless before these things. "Cast thy burden on the Lord," men said, and for the time they said wisely.

Now what happens? Little by little the facts of human life are studied; men are tracing out their causes, the conditions under which they arise; the way in which any evil is propagated; not one cause, but the thousand causes it may be. That which happened is just this: the scientific study of the facts of human life has grown; we are getting to see definite specific causes for things which once seemed to be without any human causation at all. Think of the revolution that has come in regard to all manner of contagious diseases—tuberculosis, for example. A generation ago there were parts of every great city looked upon as dangerous; the great scourge spread over the land; sorrow came; but no man was to blame; nobody thought of being blamed for it. Now the physician traces the course of the plague, studies its growth, the way in which it is propagated. It ceases to be an individual misfortune; it comes to be not only a public menace but in its present proportions to be looked upon as a public crime, simply because we have learned the reason for this thing. Just as soon as we learn the reason comes also the way by which the remedy must come.

It is not simply in some physical evil; social evils are being studied in the same painstaking definite way. No longer can we say of the individual sinner, He alone is to blame. The moment we come to see that that evil came out of certain conditions and that those conditions might be changed if we will, it is not one person alone but we, the people; then we the people, and not God, bear that responsibility; it is up to us, as we say, whether these things shall or shall not be. It is up to us whether there shall be municipal corruption, whether children shall be debauched, whether the lives of multitudes shall be endangered, whether greed shall have free course. It does not mean that we can do all at once but it does mean that the way is plain, the responsibility is placed more and more upon us, as members of a great social order.

That changes the whole conception of what we mean by a "good man" or what we mean by a "pious man" or what we mean by an "abandoned sinner." Suppose we are standing upon the shore in a storm and were to see a ship being rapidly driven upon the rocks, we knew it was being driven to its doom. But there we stand; there is no way of getting to the ship; we can only watch it. If we are good people there will be prayers coming instinctively from our hearts; we will long for help and strength and pray, "God help them." That is about all we can do. But suppose as we stand there with all this emotion in our hearts suddenly some one says, "Here is a life boat; we may, if we will, save some of the people on that ship." But we all stand just as we did before and say, No, we are going to pray, to exercise our feelings about them a little more. What do we call ourselves? We may call ourselves saints; anybody else will call us just what we are—miserable cowards, hard-hearted, unwilling to do the thing we know we could do if we would take the trouble and the risk.

That is what the increase of knowledge is doing for the world today; that is what makes it harder to be a good man today than it ever was before. That is what makes it impossible for us to praise many a man who in a previous age would have gone to his grave in the odor of sanctity. Every new bit of knowledge, every discovery of something that is within the power of the human will, everything that can be remedied, is just so much of a new burden put upon our consciences. People often quote the words of Wordsworth as if they were descriptive of the modern spirit—"the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." That is not what most burdens people today; that is the ancient feeling. The thing that characterizes the modern man is that he is feeling the weight of the intelligible world, —the thing which we know is true and the thing we know could be done and which we have not the moral strength or courage or patience to do.

That is where as it seems to me the modern church must come in, side by side with the school and with the university, with the laboratory and the library. They are the institutions of education; they tell us what kind of a world this is, what are the facts. Men are at work discovering these facts. A fact once discovered brings to us a new duty, and I think the reason why men of religion and morality are coming together today, the reason why they are sick of old sectarianism, sick of the old divisions, is not that they are hungry for fellowship but that they are feeling that the burden of moral and social responsibility is too great for any individual or any set of people alone to bear. The great difficulties of the world, the great burdens, the great facts, are not to be borne by some of us but by all of us. And Democracy in religion, that Democracy which does away with all the old perplexing lines between the regenerate and the unregenerate, saints and sinners, is a recognition, not of sentimentalism, but of a fact forced upon us by every discovery of the actual world. The man who is a mere individual or a mere sectarian, is bound to be a pessimist, is bound to discover that the force he has called his own is not adequate to the vast work that is to be done. The only man who can endure the new knowledge is the man who has belief in the great mass of the people, the good will of the people who think in different ways, have different traditions, but who really are carrying on their part of the work of the world.

I am glad you have chosen the great Democrat, the man of true democracy, as one who shall be a symbol of the work that this institution has to do. For I believe that just as in the old days there was a religion that grew out of the experience of Israel, as there has been a religion which typified the higher life of Greece and Rome and England, so there is growing up a religion of America. I suspect that here in this great city of Chicago we are seeing a little more clearly than anywhere else the true character of that religion. Out of the very turmoil of this great meeting place of all nations, there grows a triumphant faith in the power working not through the few but through the many.

It was to these great prairie states that the poet of American democracy, who perhaps will in the days to come be spoken of as a prophet, a prophet of that religion that is now in the making, looked to see the beginning of such an all-embracing religion.

"And thou, America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality,
For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived.

Thou too surroundest all,
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou too by pathways
broad and new,
To the ideal tendest.

The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it a dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.''

CONCLUDING WORDS OF THE CHAIRMAN, PROF. TAYLOR.—It has seemed to some of us that something of a practical achievement should result from our weeks' gatherings. It may be that the words which shall be spoken will be all that we may garner, at least for the present, in the hope that they may turn into works. But I am very sure that the spirit of him which is incarnated in this great structure protests silently against a commemoration in word only. What practical form could possibly be given by those who are most interested in this occasion we cannot yet even guess. Some of them have cast wistful eyes to the old church building and have wondered whether that could not be put to some civic use. Others of us, casting our wider horoscope for the city's needs, have wondered whether there could not be an All Souls Hall near the center of population. Since for the time being we have lost our Auditorium, we have no place of popular concourse, free and open to all the people. We have wondered if initiative might not be given to some movement that would give us a central place for the meetings of the people of Chicago. But no one can now foresee any such achievement. Yet the practical results of this week's gatherings are open to prophecy, better still, to initiative.

(To be continued.)

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Financial Situation.

Among the many efforts to relieve the financial situation is the importation of gold from Europe; about $50,000,000 in gold having been engaged. Last Saturday $3,000,000 shipped from London to the First National Bank of Chicago reached New York on the ''Lusitania'' and was turned over to the bank by the Chicago sub-treasury. Reports from a wide range of territory indicate that rural bankers in the Middle West believe there is no need for further uneasiness. Apparently the crisis is safely and finally past.

Visit of Postmaster General Meyer.

The coming of the postmaster general to Chicago last week was a matter of interest, particularly because of his vigorous championship of the postal savings bank and the parcels post. To be sure, his address before the Chicago Association of Commerce was chiefly interesting because of the opposition manifested by prominent Chicago merchants. President Forgan, of the First National Bank, and A. C. Bartlett, of the hardware firm, were among those who expressed serious opposition to the parcels post. The chief point of criticism was against the competition between the government and private corporations, and hence is a practical objection to any sort of governmental ownership or operation. A Washington dispatch announces ''on high authority'' that President Roosevelt will urge both the savings bank and parcels post matters upon the attention of Congress in his forthcoming message. It is replied to objections offered that the parcels post really only means a reduction in the cost of sending packages by mail, a method already in full operation, and as for the postal savings banks, it is argued that this is the best method to encourage and inspire penny savings among the children and that it need not interfere with the ordinary enterprise of public banks.

Telegraph Operators Back at Work.

After being out on strike three months the Chicago Union of operators voted to return to work and most of them have been welcomed back by their former employers. It is announced that merit alone will govern the engagement of operators; ability only to be the test of continuance. Now that the strike, which was begun wrong has ended wrong for the operators, it is to be hoped the companies will recognize the wisdom, as well as the justice, of granting the many entirely justifiable demands made by the operators, and thus avoid a repetition of this universally calamitous warfare.

The Chicago Flower Show.

During the past week the Coliseum has been a veritable garden of perfume and beauty, sheltering boundless profusion of carnations, chrysanthemums, orchids and other treasures of the greenhouse. Many new varieties were shown, some of them of wondrous size and beauty. Among the revelations was a single plant stalk bearing a large number of flowers belonging to entirely different families, which had been grafted onto the one plant trunk. It revealed something of the possibilities of nature when aided by human nature.

Chicago Civil Service.

In spite of a general pessimism concerning the Civil Service Commission appointed by Mayor Busse, apparently for political reasons only, the recent reorganization of the commission, placing it on a thorough business basis, encourages the hope that some thoroughly responsible and non-partisan work may be done. With more than 15,000 employes under their jurisdiction the committee may recognize their duties to the people and demand faithfulness and efficiency from every public official.

Progress in Temperance.

One of the important results of recent elections was the amazing progress of the Anti-Saloon Movement. Mrs. Stevens, president of the W. C. T. U., opened the thirty-fourth convention of that body at Nashville last Friday with the assertion: ''King Alcohol is no longer enthroned in the realm of King Cotton.'' A large number of the counties of Illinois went ''dry'' in the election last week, but in Kentucky, Georgia and North Carolina, as well as in other portions of the Southland, the victorious march of the white banner swept everything before it, until there seems reason to think that the victories under local option may ere long result in a no-license law which is state wide and which will be enforced, at least in all but the large cities.

The Political Outlook.

Politicians of all parties seem to find room for rejoicing in the recent elections. In New York the ill-starred fusion of the Republicans and the Hearst League enabled Tammany Hall to attain a notable victory, and in Cleveland Mayor Tom Johnson was re-elected by a strong majority, in spite of the acknowledged unimpeachable character of Congressman Burton, indorsed, as he was, by President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft. In Massachusetts a recent Democratic majority was buried under a Republican plurality of 100,000, and in Kentucky, called the home of the old Bourbon Democracy, the Republican ticket also won a great success. All in all, this ''off year'' does not very effectually foreshadow a political revolution, or an overthrow of the present administration.

The Monopoly Wins.

About three o'clock last Thursday morning the Chicago City Council passed a franchise by a vote of 44 to 23, giving to the Chicago Telephone Company a right to mulct the citizens of this city for another twenty-five years. Among the many boons enjoyed by those who pay $125 a year for a telephone is the privilege of calling up Oak Park or any other near by suburb, and by paying 10 cents for the first three minutes and 5 cents for each additional minute, one can talk with a man's family long enough to find out when he will be home, and when he can be called again upon the payment of additional toll. Copies of this ordinance should be framed and kept as a memento of the high citizenship of forty-four members of the present council.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

GOOD NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—Our last accounts reported Miss Hobhouse's visits and addresses in Switzerland and left her once more afloat for the return to her chosen field of labor in the Transvaal. All summer no word has come of her arrival nor of what was going on there, nor have we now any direct word in the shape of her much-prized letters. It is, however, some weeks since a second printed report, issued in French by her devoted representative in Geneva, Mme. Evelyn degli Asinelli, came to hand. Beside the interesting facts there put into words this little twelve-page pamphlet presents the now familiar portrait of Miss Hobhouse, three new views of the Boer pupils at their work, one quaint little Swiss interior illustrating the apparatus employed in carding, and Mme. degli Asinelli's full report of all sums received for the cause from October, 1906, to September 20, 1907. The sum total of her collections for the year is 14,422.61 francs.

The report opens with a call to rejoicing that the first stage of the enterprise is accomplished. Not, it says, that the Transvaal has recovered its old-time prosperity, but that on every hand one may see rich fields of promise and that, little by little, the hive is waking up. Under some vivifying influence that has swept across the country, the Boer is gradually recovering and collecting himself in the wholesome struggle for existence.

It might at first glance seem an exaggeration to say that this result is due in part to the introduction of the spinning-wheel into South Africa, yet nothing could be more true. To the curiosity aroused by an object so unknown in the region, succeeded an enthusiasm very natural under the circumstances. The farmers were not slow to perceive the benefit there would be to agriculture and sheep-raising in having the wool used at home which formerly was exported at great expense. From that time on they devoted special care to the fleece of their Angora goats, they planted cotton and made their first experiments in the culture of hemp and flax. To this they plan soon to add that of the white mulberry for the raising of silkworms. Nor was this the limit of Boer participation in the new undertaking, for they would fain construct themselves its looms and spinning wheels. Unfortunately they are hampered in this direction by the scarcity of wood, which is almost wholly wanting in some districts; yet one may plainly see that Miss Hobhouse's idea of uplifting the impoverished people through the medium of collective labor is in process of realization beyond our utmost hopes.

The report then goes on to give some of Miss Clark's impressions on her return to the schools after an absence of sixteen months. She says: What particularly struck me was the progress made in the purely technical part of the work. When she left Johannesburg in December, 1905, Miss Hobhouse and her fellow workers were still feeling their way toward the best processes of manufacture for the difficult South African wools, today the experience and skill acquired permit their weavers to produce goods showing personal taste, a trained hand and a sure eye.

The growing differentiation in the schools is also noted. At Johannesburg, under the womanly influence of Mme. Goetsche, each new work is executed with careful deliberation and attention to details and the resulting products are often very beautiful; at Philippolis, under the leadership of Mr. Milroy, the experiments are bolder, everything goes by steam, as it were, rejecting unhesitatingly all means and methods of procedure demanding too great an expenditure of labor or of patience. This is not without its advantage, the end in view being to discover, as rapidly as possible, by a happy mingling of the wools of the country, substantial and attractive stuffs that will tempt buyers by their excellence and their moderate price.

Miss Clark also points out differences in Boer customs. In the Transvaal whole families move from place to place more readily than in most rural communities; the impulse of the *trek* seems to be inborn and they will leave any locality without regret; it is all the veldt, that is to say, the same old family habitudes and the same horizon, that accompanies the emigrant. This racial characteristic has helped greatly in diffusion of the new industry. In the Orange River Colony, on the other hand, the population is sedentary, so that there is every reason to look forward to the most flourishing development of the Miss Hobhouse industries at Philippolis. The time is probably not far distant when there will be put up in the immediate neighborhood structures capable of sheltering from ten to fifteen weavers, who under the direction of an expert will turn out the most varied fabrics, from rich carpets and soft, supple cloths to the coarse traveling rug of the country.

General Botha, today at the head of the Transvaal government, attached so much importance to the development of this work, not only for its beneficial influence on a people suddenly confronted with the struggle for existence, but still more for the prosperity it will bring to his country, that the Chamber has recently unanimously voted it an annual subsidy; this will make the industries truly national and give them a great impetus. The weaving establishment has already been removed from Johannesburg to Pretoria, the capital. In the Orange Colony, on the contrary, no such government aid is yet possible and the development of the work there will have to depend some time longer upon private generosity. This in itself would justify a little study of the details of Mme. degli Asinelli's report.

First let us see what Switzerland has done. Of the 14,422 francs already mentioned as collected the past year, by far the larger part was contributed by the Swiss. Thirty-nine beautiful spinning wheels, in perfect repair, have been donated by friends in different parts of Switzerland to say nothing of looms, dividers, carders, etc. Most of these articles, packed in strong boxes, have been shipped to Delagoa Bay at the sole expense of the generous donors.

But though the great bulk of the contributions has come from the little Swiss Republic, there is, for the first time, a really appreciable sum from the United States. The total, 1,885.82 francs (about $377) is absurdly small in proportion to our size and wealth, but is significant as an object lesson in the amount of "seed-sowing" necessary to get even a very moderate harvest. UNITY has the honor, I believe, of being the first publication in this country to call attention to Boer needs and the wise relief work undertaken by Miss Hobhouse, its first articles on the subject appearing in the spring of 1904. Notwithstanding the widespread and outspoken sympathy for the Boers during the war, it was long before the American press, either religious or secular, would open its columns to any details of Miss Hobhouse's story. That day is past, but to get the few hundred dollars contributed this past year thousands, yes, literally thousands of letters have been written by that devoted little woman in Switzerland, and nobody knows how many articles have been published from the pens of the growing number of friends in this country. The *Woman's Journal*, *The Christian Herald*, and perhaps other papers have outdone UNITY in the matter of financial results. In the figures before me it appears that our friend received last year, in round numbers: From New York, 805 francs; from Evanston, 380; from New Bedford, 191; from Chicago, 169; from Philadelphia, 82; from St. Louis, 76; from Buffalo and Winona each 51, and from Racine, 25 francs. This is harvest time; may the next returns prove still larger!

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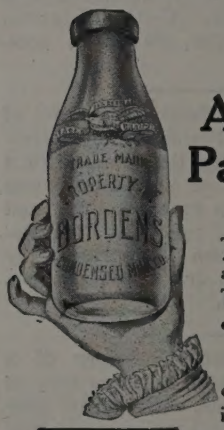

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